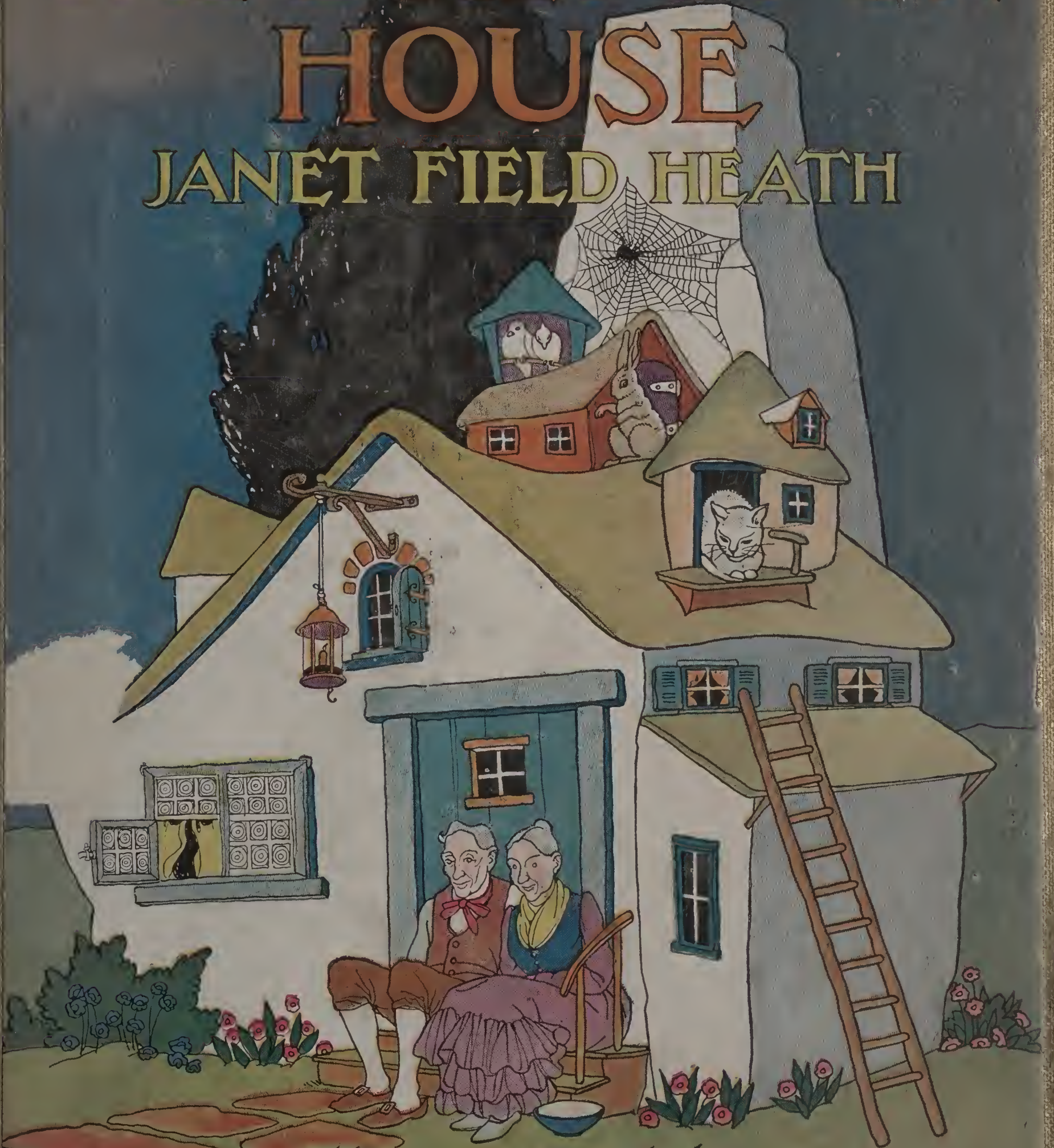
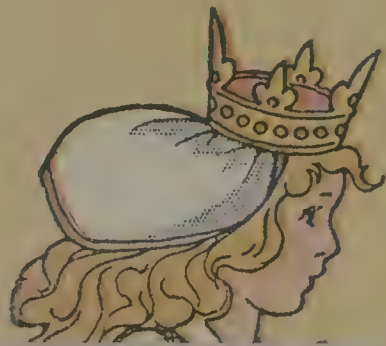


THE BUILT-UPON HOUSE

JANET FIELD HEATH



Illustrated by
LLOYD J. DOTTERER

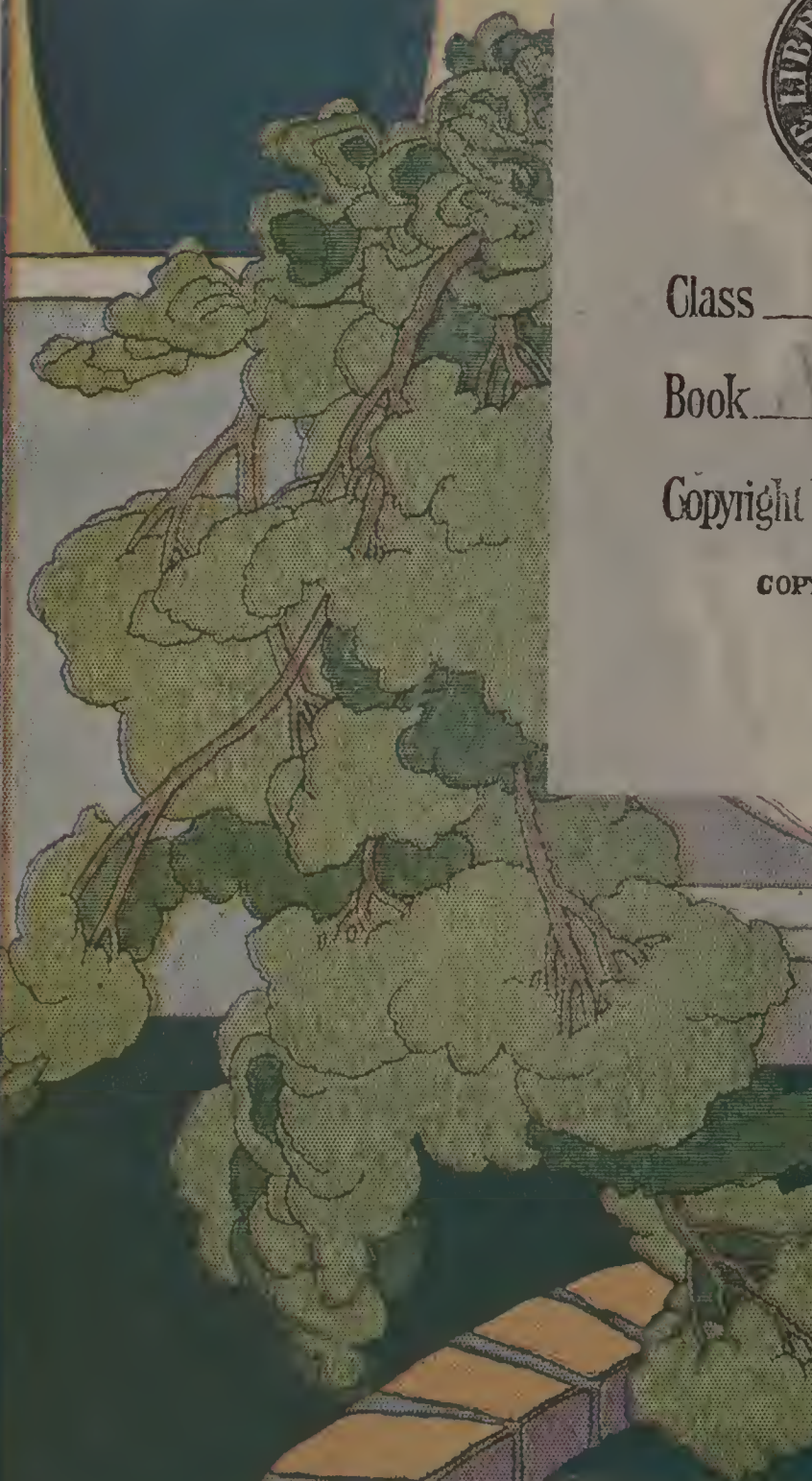


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The Built-Upon House



A King and Queen and Their Little Girl



Boys and Girls Can Find the Built-Upon House

 THE BUILT
UPON HOUSE

❁ BY ❁
JANET FIELD HEATH



ILLUSTRATIONS BY
LLOYD J. DOTTERER

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WHAT HAPPENED AFTER

By PATTEN BEARD

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By ELEANOR F. PEASE

Printed in the U. S. A.



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*Dedicated to
Marietta*



"Have You Any Apples and Cookies?"

FOREWORD

These stories have been selected for their unusual settings. Their material is very diversified, including animals, fairies and angels.

The title of the first story, "The Built-Upon House," indicates the novel character of the story itself. It presents to the reader an unusual situation relating to the love of two old people for animals.

These two old people allowed the Grey Pussy Cat, the Brown Rabbit, the White Duck, the Two Doves as well as the Great Yellow Spider to build homes on their housetop. Among the immense quantity of plots for children's stories this is a newly-conceived idea.

All the stories are calculated to please the child because of their success with the author's own children. Each story is sincere and natural, full of simple tenderness and warmth. Each is deftly and lightly done and very delightful; and offers a wholesome simplicity of narrative which all children will love.



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He Was the Only Baby the Old Man and the Old Woman Had Ever Had

The Built-Upon House

Once upon a time there was a little old woman and a little old man. They lived in a little house exactly twelve feet square with a little garden at the side exactly eight feet long, and a little pond in front that was exactly ten feet across.

There was a willow tree beside the pond and a hemlock tree beside the house, but the garden lay always wide open to the sun. In it the old man planted carrots and peas and cabbages and corn and the old woman planted pansies and mignonette and heartsease and sage. And on the pond there was a little white duck that swam about all day long.

Now the old man and the old woman loved each other very dearly. They had lived together without a quarrel or a cross word for a great many years. In the day-

The Built-Upon House

time they worked together in their garden or walked together in the woods, and in the evening the old man read aloud while the old woman knitted.

When bedtime came they got up from their chairs together and the old man went over and wound the clock that stood on the mantel and the old woman went over and took down a pair of baby's shoes that stood on the mantel beside the clock and kissed them very gently. The shoes belonged to the only baby the old man and the old woman had ever had. He had gone away a long time ago and now the little shoes held all the dreams of their loving hearts.

On the other side of the clock stood a china pig into which the old people had dropped all the savings of their hard-working years. Every week they shook

from the pig's fat side a piece of money that could be spent that week for their modest needs. And so they lived in peace and contentment the seasons through.

One day while they were sitting at their doorstep a grey pussy cat came along. She had a very worried expression on her face and in her mouth she carried a tiny grey kitten. Seeing the old people sitting there so quietly she stood for a moment looking at them, then came closer and rubbed against the old woman's dress.

"Nice kitty, good kitty," said the old woman kindly. "What are you doing with your baby in your mouth?"

As if in answer, the cat suddenly dropped the kitten at her feet and ran away. But she came back a few moments later with another kitten in her mouth. Dropping that beside the first one she ran

away again only to come back with a third.

“Mercy me!” exclaimed the old woman. “What’s all this?”

“I had to bring them somewhere,” explained the mother cat. “I heard the farmer say this morning that he was going to drown them. Of course, I couldn’t have that. Just see what fine kittens they are!” She looked about her anxiously. “You haven’t any cats, have you? Couldn’t you keep us?”

The old woman gathered the three kittens into her lap. They were fine kittens. One was all white like a soft little snowball, one was grey and white like a summer cloud and one was all grey like the mother cat herself.

“What do you say, my dear?” the old woman asked the old man.

“It shall be as you like, my love,” he answered.

“I will think about it,” said the old woman with her eyes on the sky. In a few minutes she said,

“We’d like very much to have you. The only question is—where could we put you? And you see our plot of ground here is very small—just the house and the garden and the pond.

“We couldn’t have you in the house; besides our eyes are getting dim and we might step on your kittens. Then, of course, you couldn’t live in the garden and I don’t believe your family cares for ponds.”

The cat trembled. “No indeed, we don’t,” said she sadly.

“The only place I see then,” said the old woman, “is the top of the house. If you’d

The Built-Upon House

leave the chimney free you might build yourself a little house up there.”

“What a wonderful idea!” cried the cat. “It will be a fine, safe place, too, for the kittens. Whatever can I do for you in return for such kindness?”

“Just be a nice, loving cat,” said the old woman gently, looking straight into the grey pussy’s green eyes.

Pussy gave a loud purr-r-r in answer, and then, leaving her kittens in the old woman’s lap, she sprang up the hemlock tree as fast as she could.

Then she jumped across to the roof where she built herself the dearest little house ever seen and carried up her kittens, one by one, the grey and the white and the grey and white one.

How cozy and happy they all were! It seemed to the old people that their fire



How Cozy and Happy They All Were

burned more brightly at night for having the cat and her kittens above them, and that the sunshine in the daytime was more bright because of the kittens that played at their feet.

“Little duck, little duck,” the old woman would cry. “See the cunning baby things that have come to live with us. They are your friends, little duck.” And the white duck would bob her head and go swimming about more gayly than ever.

Now it happened that one day not long after the coming of the cats, as the old man and an old woman were sitting as usual at their doorstep, there was a sudden noise from the garden and a brown rabbit scurried up and ran directly under the old woman’s skirts.

“Mercy, mercy me!” cried the old woman, “what’s all this about?”

“Sh-h!” whispered the rabbit, “there’s a dreadful hunter after me with a gun. Please don’t move!”

“Dear me, I should say not,” said the old woman. “When will people ever learn that it’s no fun to hurt things smaller and weaker than themselves!”

Even as she spoke, a man came by with a gun. He looked all about him but no rabbit did he see, only an old man and an old woman sitting quietly at their doorstep. So he hurriedly passed on.

“Oh!—that was a close escape for me!” said the brown rabbit, coming out a few minutes later. “I certainly thank you, madam, for your goodness. I declare I’m getting so nervous, living in the woods now-a-days. I don’t suppose you’d like to keep me for a kind of a pet, would you?”

The old woman looked at the trembling little animal.

“What do you say, my dear?” she asked the old man.

“It shall be just as you like, my love,” he answered.

“I will think about it,” said the old woman, with her eyes on the sweep of the green willow tree.

Presently she spoke.

“We have only the house and the garden and the pond. I couldn’t keep you in the house because you have such large families. And I really ought not to put you in the garden—that would be too much of a temptation. You don’t happen to care for ponds, do you?”

“No,” said the rabbit sadly. “One of my ancestors lost a fine long tail in a pond once and we’ve all been hopping about with stubby ones ever since. But that’s another story. Isn’t there any other place for me?”

“You might build a little house there on top of ours. A cat has a nice, safe one up there and if you wouldn’t mind going just above her—”

“A cat!” cried the poor rabbit, jumping up. “Gracious! I’m almost as much afraid of cats as I am of hunters.”

“This is a very loving cat,” said the old woman soothingly. “I’m sure if I spoke to her about it she would be quite agreeable.”

“Well, it certainly would be comforting to live up there out of the way of guns,” said the brown rabbit glancing up. “I do thank you with all my heart and ears. What can I do for you in return for your kindness?”

“Just be a nice, loving bunny,” said the old woman. “Come, old man, tilt the ladder for our new neighbor. And perhaps

The Built-Upon House



They Had Become Quite Friendly

we could spare a few carrots from our basket to help her start housekeeping.”

“I wouldn’t think of such a thing,” said the rabbit politely, hopping nimbly up the ladder, and under her breath, she said, “If I want any carrots, I’ll take some one else’s.”

It was certainly a cunning little house she built for herself up there, all beautifully carpeted with fresh green grass. It was entirely too safe and delightful to



How They Did Nibble and Lap and Peck

keep all to herself and one morning, not many weeks after, the brown rabbit leaned over and called down to the grey cat with whom she had become quite friendly,

“You needn’t think you are the only one who can have babies! Come up and see what I have here!”

And, true enough—she had six baby

bunnies as cunning as they could be. Their long ears were so wiggly and their tippy tails were so tufty! They sat there in their dear little house and ate pecks and pecks of grass every day until they were as fat as little butter balls.

The old man and the old woman were delighted.

“It’s very nice to have so many young things about us,” said the old man. “If our baby were here now he would like them, too.”

“Oh, yes,” replied the old woman, “and because he would have loved them, let us give a party for all the dear young animals and a feast for them. I will pick some of the tenderest of our early lettuce and carrots for the rabbits; the little white duck shall have that handful of dried corn I have been saving. Old man, shake an extra

piece of money from the pig bank and buy from the farmer a whole quart of milk for the kittens.”

Dear me, what a scrambling there was when they all heard about the party! The little brown bunnies played leap frog six times in succession and the grey and white kitten ran up and down the hemlock tree seven times.

But when the feast was about ready they all turned into nice, polite little animals. The cats all came with their long tails and the rabbits with their short ones and the white duck came with her yellow, yellow bill. They all walked respectfully around the old man and the old woman three times and then they all sat down to the feast that was laid out under the green willow tree.

Oh how they did nibble, nibble, nibble

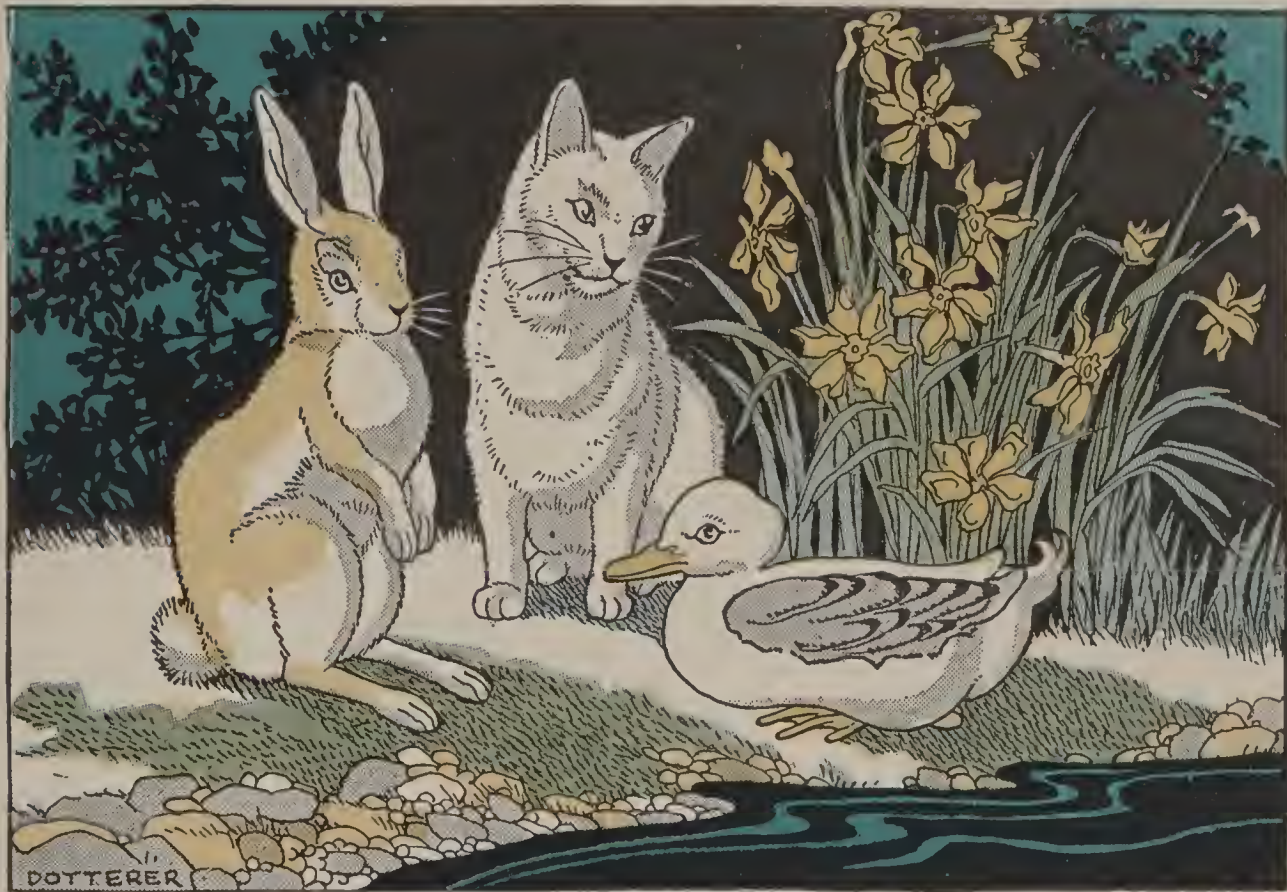
The Built-Upon House

and lap, lap, lap and peck, peck, peck! But at last, every bit of the vegetables and corn was gone and every last lick of the creamy milk,—and the white duck and the grey cat and the brown rabbit sat contentedly in the sun and talked together, while the six bunnies and the three kittens played about beside the pond, seeing who could go the closest to the pond without falling in.

Presently they got so sleepy that they almost did fall in, and then their mothers took them home and put them to bed where they slept as soundly as could be the whole night through.

The spring skipped along gayly. Blue days grew golden and purple nights violet and in the distance the trees of the woods grew straight and green again.

The old woman and the grey cat and the brown rabbit all swept out their little



They Sat in the Sun and Talked Together

houses and laid them open to the sunshine, and the willow tree waved and sang to her reflection in the clear, clear water of the pond.

They were all so happy that it seemed quite right when, one evening, at sunset time, two doves flew past and then came back to light and whisper in the hemlock tree.



Two Doves Came

“Coo-oo, coo-oo,” they sang. “There is something delightful about this place. What is it, I wonder?”

“Just love, I guess,” the old woman told them, “unless you mean the young things—the white duck and the bunnies and the cats.”

“Cats!” cried the doves, fluttering about in dismay. “Oh, they are not delightful, not at all!”

“These are very nice cats—really, they never hurt anything bigger than a flea. Were you thinking of settling about here? I’ve always been rather fond of doves.”

“We’d like to live right here,” answered one of the doves. “But we don’t care especially for hemlock trees.”

“There’s the old willow,” said the old woman kindly.

“It’s too near the water,” said the mother dove. “We’re thinking of raising a family, you know, and I’m always afraid of water with young birds. I don’t suppose you’d care to have us build on your roof?”

“What do you say, my dear?”

“Just as you say, my love.”

“I will think about it,” said the old woman with her eyes on the swaying wheat fields below.

“I’m afraid I can’t offer you our roof exactly,” said she, after a bit of reflection. “But if you’d go two stories up, above the bunnies, you’d be welcome.”

“How good you are,” cooed the two doves together. “The air up there will be much better and we shall be so safe and comfortable. How can we thank you?”

“Just be friendly and kind,” said the old woman. “But then, doves always are sweet-tempered, aren’t they? I believe that’s why I’ve always liked them—they are such contented little things.”

“We will certainly try to live up to your opinion of us,” said the mother dove and she stayed quite close to the old woman while her husband flew up to see about the house-building.

In a remarkably short time they were settled and every night thereafter all the

families were lulled to sleep by their soft cooing, as they talked about the two precious white eggs so safe and warm 'neath the mother dove's breast.

“It isn't everybody who can have so much happiness in a house and around a house and on top of a house, too,” said the old woman one August morning when she came out to feed the little white duck.



She Came Out to Feed the Little White Duck

“Quack, quack,—quack, quack, quack!” said the little duck.

“What do you mean?” asked the old woman, and shading her eyes, she looked up to see what the duck was talking about.

And there, above the home of the doves, shining in the morning sun, was a fine, round web with a great yellow and black spider in the center.

“Good morning,” called the spider gayly. “There was such a pleasant feeling in the air here and such a convenient branch for my threads that I hope you don’t mind my making my home here.”

“How coo-uld we?” cooed the doves.

“N-not at all!” nibbled the rabbits.

“Per-fectly all right,” purred the cats.

“Indeed we’re very glad to have you,” said the old woman graciously. “I’ve always admired you very much. I can knit,

of course, but I never could do such fine lace work as yours. Just be a good spider, that's all we ask of you."

"Certainly," replied the spider. "Anyone as busy as I am hasn't time to get into mischief," and he went on spinning patiently and quietly until the great web shone strong and round and glistening at the top of the Built-Upon House.

By and by the days grew shorter and the air cooler. The old man built a fire now each night in the little fireplace and he and the old woman sat before it and talked about the days of their youth and the baby who had gone away. Then the old man would wind the clock and the old woman would kiss the tiny shoes and then together they would shake the money pig before they went to bed.

One morning when the air was like

The Built-Upon House



honey and the sky like a blue sapphire and the trees like flames of yellow and red, the old woman finished her work and stood gazing off toward the wood at the foot of the hill.

“I think,” said she, “that I would like to go to the wishing-stone today.”

The old man put his arms about her. “Come, then, let us go,” he said.

Together they went down the hillside and across the green fields toward the

woods. Just once the old woman turned around and waved her hand.

“Good-bye, little friends, good-bye.”

Blue day lengthened into rose sunset and rose sunset into purple night and still the old man and the old woman did not return.

Under the stars the white duck quacked dismally, and above the empty fireplace of the little house the doves and the rabbit and the mother cat were all wide awake.

“It is very strange,” said the grey pussy. “They have never done this before. What can have happened to them?”

“I always was afraid of those old woods,” declared the brown bunny, “dreadful hunters and deep springs and no paths at all to speak of.” She sighed deeply and above her the doves began to sob in distress.

“Oh, do hush up,” said the spider crossly. “They’ve probably just been late in returning and have stopped to spend the night at the farmer’s house. I shouldn’t wonder a bit if I looked out early to-morrow morning and saw them coming up the hill.”

“Oh, do you think so?” cried all the little animals together.

“Of course I do. Go to sleep, you silly creatures,” snapped the spider, “and I’ll call to you when I see them coming.”

And early the next morning, forgetting his threads, he began his watch. But he looked in vain. By noon time the dear ones had not returned and so, taking their courage in their paws, the cat and the rabbit went off to the woods to look for them.

Not a trace of them could they find. It

was the father dove who, at last, brought the news. The little people at the wishing-stone had told the chipmunks and the chipmunks told the squirrels and the squirrels told the dove. The old man and the old woman were not coming back; they had gone to find the baby whose shoes stood on the mantel beside the clock!

Oh, what a going-on there was when they all heard it!

“What! Not coming back—never again? Our dear old man and dear old woman!”

The brown rabbits stood in a row and looked very solemn and the three kittens rubbed against the door and mewed pitiously. As for the little duck, he did not swim about any more,—just sat beneath the willow tree looking sad and thin.

“I think we’re all very selfish,” said the mother dove at last, as severely as a

mother dove can. "Now I know where they are, I can be quite content again. Just think how happy they will be to be with the baby they have loved for so long."

"Why, so they will!" cried the rabbit almost gayly. "I never thought of that. But it will be very lonely without them."

"Don't think so much about yourself," said the spider who still felt cross. "Just keep on working and something will happen to make things right!"

And true enough, something did happen. Along the brown winding road, one day, came a man and a maid. Their arms were about each other and they were singing for they were young and newly wed.

Suddenly the girl stopped. "What is that?" she cried. "It looks like a clock in a tower. We must be near a town. Come,



Along the Road One Day Came a Man and a Maid

David, let us hurry—perhaps there we shall find a hearth for our happiness.”

But as they drew near it was not a clock in a tower that they saw—only the spider web hung high and shining in the sun. And beneath it was the little house with an open door.

The man and the maid went in. Right above the fireplace was a note. “We leave this house wide open for love,” it said.

“How wonderful!” exclaimed the young people. “Perhaps it is for us—there never was any love like ours!”

“Oh David! Look!” The girl took the baby shoes from the mantel and held them to her heart.

“And look here!” The young man took the money-pig and shook it. A single piece of silver fell into his hand.

“We will save it for a rainy day,” said he.

“Or a very sunshiny one,” laughed the maid and she took his hand and ran out under the willow tree.

There sat the little duck.

“Oh, David, look,” cried the young wife again. “What a darling duck!”

The white duck raised her head. Was it the old woman made young again? She opened her yellow bill and gave a long, low quack and before she knew it she was swimming about on the pond as gayly as ever.

Hearing her call, the cats and the bunnies and the doves all came running in great excitement. The maid held out her hand to them.

“You precious things!” she cried. “David, I cannot leave them. See, they love me already. And the little shoes on the mantel! David!”

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“We will stay and take care of everything,” said David and he took her by her hands and drew her back again into the house.

“I told you so,” said the spider and he began to spin a brand new web. And the doves and the brown rabbit and the grey pussy all settled down beside their families in great contentment. Everything was now all right and love had come again to the little house.



Travelers Three

Once upon a time there was a jolly little boy and a great grey elephant and a white woofy dog and they all started out together to see the world. They jumped ditches and they climbed fences; they ran down hills and then ran up again, and they just straight walked—oh, miles and miles and miles!

Bye and bye, after they had gone far, far away, they came to a fine grassy field and sat down to rest. The little boy sat down and so did the white woofy dog and so did the great, grey elephant.

And while they were sitting there what did they see on the other side of the field but an old woman. She was bending over some bushes picking gooseberries. And the queer part of it was that she didn't

have a pail to hold the gooseberries, nor a basket either. And as fast as she picked them, she was throwing them away.

“See here,” said the little boy, getting up and going over to the old woman. “Don’t you know that that isn’t what you do with gooseberries?”

“They’re here to be picked, aren’t they?” said the old woman, “and isn’t that what I’m doing?”

“Yes, but you’re throwing them away again,” cried the little boy. “Why don’t you take them home and make gooseberry tarts?”

And when he said gooseberry tarts he said,

“Um-umm.”

And “um-umm,” said the elephant.

And “um-umm,” said the dog.

And from the way they all said it, the



They All Started Out to See the World

old woman knew that gooseberry tarts must be something very good indeed.

“I don’t know how to make them,” said she to the little boy. “Will you show me how?”

“Climb on the elephant and we’ll go to that town yonder and I’ll do the best I can,” answered the little boy. “I know it’s flour and sugar and salt you take—oh, and something called shortening. Perhaps the baker will know.”

But when they got to the town and asked the baker how to make gooseberry tarts he said he never heard of such a thing.

“But I can give you shortening if you like and oh yes, flour and sugar of course.”

So the old woman and the elephant and the dog and the baker and his wife and his daughter and the scullery maid and the er-



rand lad all stood around while the little boy made gooseberry tarts.

Then they all stood around and sniffed and smelled all the time the tarts were baking. And when those gooseberry tarts came out they all umm-ed and ah-ed so loud that half the town came running to see what it was about.

“I will make you some,” the old woman said calmly. “I know exactly how to do it,” and to the little boy she said:

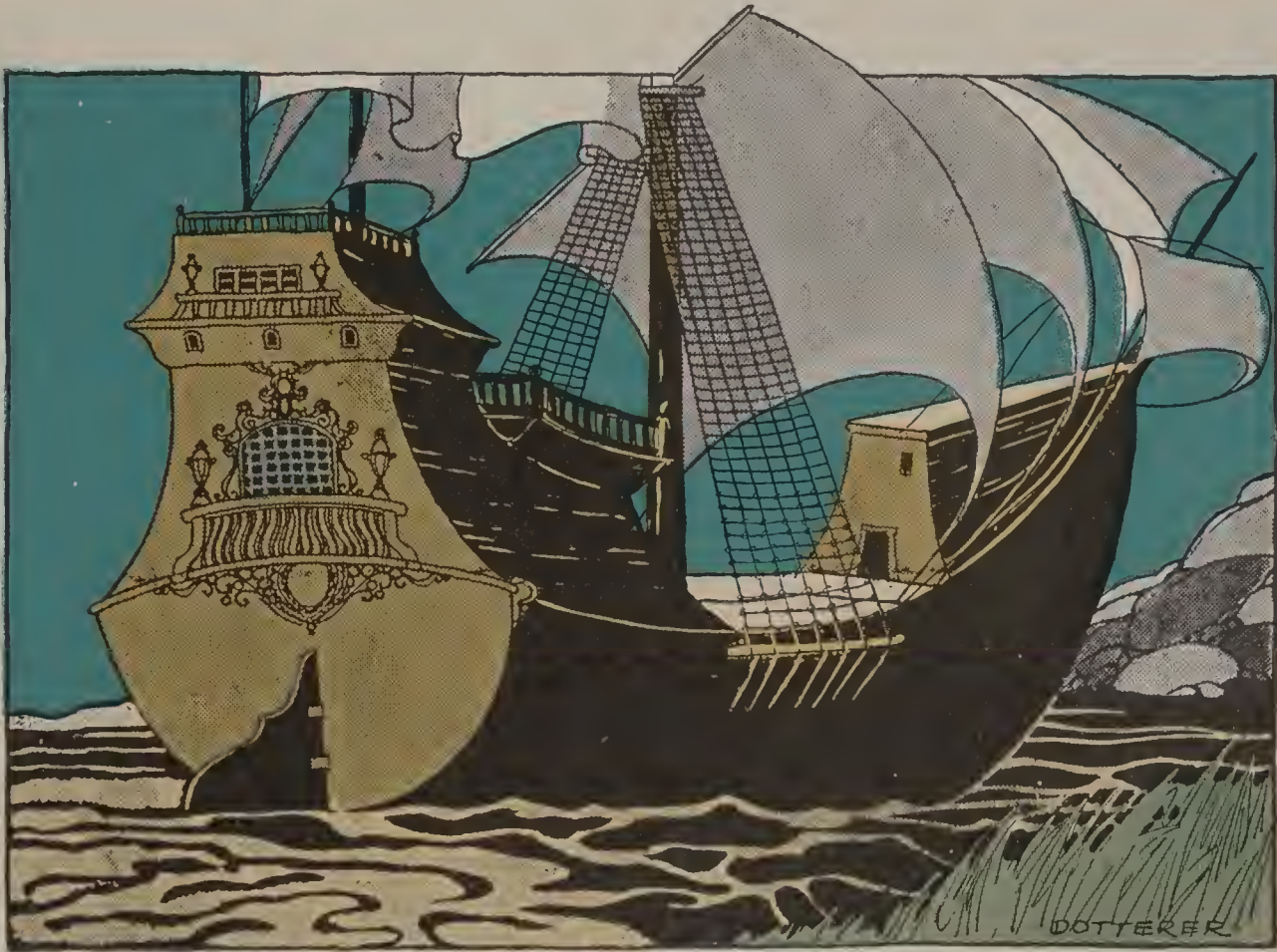
“I know now what I have always wanted to do. I shall stay right here and make gooseberry tarts for the rest of my life.”

“That sounds very delightful, madam,” replied the jolly little boy. “Do stay, if you like, but we must go on and see the world.”

So he and the grey elephant and the white dog bade farewell to the townspeople and travelled forth once more on their way.

It was not long before they came to the ocean. It stretched out broad and blue and beautiful before them and on it, balanced and blithe and beckoning, was a ship all ready to sail.

Nobody saw them when they got on—the boy and the dog and the elephant. It was when they were puffing away out on



There Was a Ship All Ready to Sail

the bay that the captain first caught sight of them.

“What are you doing here?” he shouted. “Don’t you know nobody goes on this boat unless he works his way across?”

“Well—we will work,” said the little boy. “We will all work. Grey elephant can carry water, little dog can clear the decks, and I’ll scrub them.”

The Built-Upon House

“All right then,” said the captain, and he didn’t shout so loud this time because he saw the elephant coming toward him with his big feet going clunk, clunk.

The little boy called the elephant back and put him to work. Every morning after that they did their work, grey elephant carrying water, white dog clearing decks and little boy scrubbing them.

After their tasks were done they would all lie down on the nice clean decks and let the sunshine pour over them. The wind and spray would blow across them and they couldn’t help thinking that seeing the world was worth while.

It was weeks afterward that the ship reached its first port. The boy and the dog and the elephant hopped off to see what they could see. It was a beautiful country in which they landed; the sun shone daz-



zlingly, bright-plumaged birds darted about them and in the distance cocoanut palms glistened like gold.

The little boy had never seen such a place but as soon as he landed grey elephant began to act very strangely indeed. He waved his trunk to and fro and kicked up his heels and even lay down and rolled over and over.

“Goof, goof, goof,” he cried and in a mo-

ment, "Goof, goof, goof," some one answered way off in the forest. Grey elephant started to run but in a moment he came back to the little boy.

"I know now what I've been hunting for," he said. "Here is my home and here I stay."

"Well," said the little boy. "I suppose you must," and he and the little white dog went back to the ship. They missed their old grey friend very much but there was still the world to see and the good boat to carry them farther and farther.

It took them at last to a strange land. There was snow everywhere, snow and sledges and queer little people going about in costumes of skin and fur. In the distance were mountains covered with ice. A cold, cold land it was, a land of silver and blue. Little boy stood and shivered but white

dog shook himself and danced around and around.

“Now I know why I have this nice warm coat,” he said. “Woof, woof, woof.”

“Woof, woof, woof,” came back in answer and two dogs just like himself came running to meet him.

“They are my kin,” said the little white dog. “Do you mind if I stay with them, little boy?”

“No,” answered the boy, but he felt very lonely and seeing the world somehow didn't seem as glorious as it had before.

Just then, though, there was a great noise above them. Whirr-r. Whirr-r,— and with wide-spread wings something like a great bird circled in the air.

“It's an airplane, it's an airplane. Look! Look!” yelled the little boy.

Just beyond in a great field of snow the

airplane made a landing. The little boy ran.

“Take me with you, take me with you,” he cried to the airman.

“Where are you going?” laughed the man.

“I’m going home,” said the boy.

“So am I,” replied the airman. “You are not big,—maybe I could tuck you in. Wait and we’ll see.”

“Well! I am seeing the world,” the little boy thought some hours later. “I never thought I’d see it this way. Things certainly do look small from an airplane. Not much use looking and I’m sleepy! Oh, I’m so sleepy.”

“Wake up, little boy,” the airman said a long time afterward. “We’re there! We’re home!”

The little boy could hardly wait for



the plane to get down, but he was out at last,—and there was his mother standing at the gate waiting for him.

“Queer how your mother is always there waiting for you,” said the little boy, and ran straight into her arms.

“Well—did the world see you?” his mother asked him.

“Why, I went to see the world,” laughed the little boy.

“That’s so,” said his mother. “But while

The Built-Upon House

you're seeing the world it's true that the world is always seeing you."

"And when you've found the place where you ought to be, you can forget the rest and be happy and free."

"And that's the last word from the three,—the dog and the elephant and me!"



The Happy Princess

The happy princess was in the garden. Her golden hair glistened in the sun and her little silken gown fluttered in the breeze as she ran to and fro, gathering the bright flowers or feeding the snow-white swans that were swimming on the pond. Everything in the garden was happy but the princess was Oh! the happiest of all.



The Snow-White Swans Were Swimming on the Pond

“Cheep-cheep,” sang the little birds in the trees above her and “Joyful-joyful,” laughed the princess back to them.

“Good morning, princess,” said a merry voice from over the wall.

It was the beloved prince who had stopped on his morning ride to talk to the happy princess.

She made him a deep curtsy, then ran gayly to meet him, for some day these two were to be wed, and live together in the big palace beyond where the King and Queen were at that moment eating their breakfast of chicken and waffles.

But just as she reached the wall there came a loud blowing of trumpets.

“Toot-a-loo—toot-a-loo—toot-a-loo!”

“Oh, hurry. Come!” cried the beloved prince. “See the soldiers going off to fight. Look at them,—aren’t they gorgeous?”



“To fight? This lovely day! How foolish!” said the princess.

“Foolish!” exclaimed the prince. “Of course it isn’t—they will conquer all the countries around and gain more kingdom for us.”

“Nonsense! Who wants more kingdom? This garden is big enough for me,” said the happy princess shaking her curls at him. “When I am Queen, I am not going to have any soldiers.”

“Not have any soldiers! Why, of course,

we will have soldiers—wait until you see me in a red coat and—”

“Their coats are very pretty,” interrupted the princess, “but their swords are not!—ugh! I cannot see the sense of all this foolish fighting. Why it always makes me sad to see one of the tiniest birds hurt!”

“I know, darling princess,” said the beloved prince, and his voice was very gentle. “But don’t you see if we don’t have soldiers, other kings’ soldiers will come in and rule us.”

“Oh no they won’t!” said the princess, leaning forward with a beaming smile, “because I shall not have any enemies and I shall have—the fairies!”

“Fairies!” The prince threw back his handsome head and laughed. “Why, you foolish princess, there aren’t any such things as fairies.”

“Oh, hush!” cried the princess, looking about anxiously, “don’t speak so loudly,—they may hear you.”

“Who? The fairies. Nonsense!”

Two tears started from the princess’ eyes and rolled down her cheeks.

“Oh, prince dear. Please say you believe in the fairies.”

“But I don’t.”

The princess leaned forward beseechingly. “But, the Queen, my mother, said they gave me my happy heart.”

“Nonsense,” said the prince, though he looked rather doubtful. “Lots of people have happy hearts. You will have to show me a better charm than that, princess, or I will never believe in fairies.”

“Very well,” she said. “I shall never marry you until you do.” And she ran

away toward the palace with all her golden curls flying behind.

The King and Queen were just finishing the honey waffles and wiping their fingers daintily on the silver tissue napkins that the court butler was passing around, when the princess burst in upon them with the whole story.

“And oh, my Queen Mother,” she cried, casting herself upon Her Majesty in a perfect torrent of tears, “we do know there are fairies, don’t we?”

“Of course we do,” said the Queen drawing the little princess close to her and throwing a laughing glance across at the King who was looking very much worried.

The princess’ dimples all came back and her heavenly blue eyes began to sparkle like the jewels that were set in the Queen’s lovely crown.

“Then,” said she, “I know exactly what I shall do. I shall journey to Fairyland myself and tell the fairies all about this. I shall go alone so that they will not be in the least afraid. I know they will let me bring back just a little one. Ah! he shall see! that beloved prince!”

At that the King began to storm and rage, but the Queen laid her snow-white hand gently on his arm.

“Why, what harm could come to our princess of the happy heart?” said she. “Perhaps it would be a good thing to let her see her kingdom before she settles down to be a Queen.”

So, at last, after much talking and pleading, it was decided that the princess was to have her way. Soon the whole court knew that their happy princess was to

travel through the kingdom on a quest for Fairyland.

Then, such a planning as ensued! The King gave orders that a new saddle of gold with trappings to match be made for the princess' palfrey, and the Queen set all the maidens of the court to sewing on a brand new gown that was to be of the finest silk and as blue as the princess' own eyes. There was also a cloak of wool with silver buttons,—everything that would make their darling princess happy and comfortable on her journey.

On the day that she was to start, the King proclaimed a great feast and all the people assembled to make merry and bid farewell to the princess. All except the beloved prince who stood in the corner alone.

“It is a perfectly foolish plan,” said he. “We shall never have any fun with the happy princess away.”



The Little Princess Never Dreamed What a Great Kingdom She Possessed

At last, however, the princess' milk-white horse was brought and when the four little pages in fine new costumes helped her to mount, the happy princess kissed her hands to them many times and rode away amid the cheers of all the people.

Then began her adventures! Gracious! The little princess never dreamed what a great big kingdom she possessed. What spacious mansions and wonderful meadows! What lakes and rivers and mighty forests and what hundreds and hundreds of people!

But no harm came to her as she traveled for she carried always the charm of the happy heart. Her words were always kind and her laugh so merry that even the animals she met along the way wished to follow her, but to all she said,

“I am going to Fairyland on a very special errand and I must go quite alone.”

She had gone quite a way on her journey and was becoming very tired, so she was glad to see before her a large house all brilliantly lighted. “I shall stay there tonight,” said the princess. “See, the doors and windows are wide open and inside there is singing and laughter and dancing. This is the House of Mirth.”

There were many people who lived there all the time and they crowded about the happy princess and wanted her to play with them, but she was so weary she fell asleep almost at once in spite of all the gayety and music.

“I shall come back sometime,” she told them in the morning as she departed, “and I shall bring the beloved prince with me. I am sure he would like you all very much.”

She traveled far that day and in the evening she came to another house. It was a smaller house than the House of Mirth and it was lighted by soft-glowing candles. It had beautiful gardens in which many people walked and from the house came music very low and very sweet.

“I am sure I shall like this place,” said the happy princess as she stopped before its gates.

Tender hands lifted her from her horse and carried her into the house.

“How beautiful she is,” said soft, singing voices.

That night she slept in a bower of flowers and in the morning the same tender hands bathed her with delicate perfumes and smoothed the silken robe into perfection.

“You do not wish to stay now,” said the



That Night She Slept in a Bower of Flowers

soft voices, “but some day you will come back.”

“I will surely come back,” said the happy princess joyfully and again she thought of the beloved prince.

So many people were journeying on the road that day. Big people, little people, fat people, thin people, all kinds of people.

“Where are they all going?” the princess asked a man who was riding near her.

His face was muffled in a great grey cloak and his eyes were very sad but he spoke very gently to the little princess.

“Do you see that big castle yonder?” pointing to the turrets that glistened in the distance, “that is the House of Knowledge and all these people are hastening there in the hope that they may learn something that will lift them from ignorance or sorrow or pain. I myself am going there. Are not you?”

“No, indeed,” laughed the happy princess. “I am going to Fairyland.”

“To Fairyland!” exclaimed the man.

“A real Fairyland,” sang the princess.

The man looked at her with his sad, sad eyes. “I shall watch for you when you return,” he said. “Perhaps I would rather go there instead of to the House of Knowledge.”

“What is your name?” asked the princess. “I shall tell the fairies about you.”

“My name is Waste,” said the man, “the fairies have never heard of me.”

“Neither have I,” said the princess, “but I shall know you when I meet you again,” and she waved farewell to him and rode merrily by, because merely by talking about Fairyland made her more anxious than ever to get there.

“I shall look about, but I shall not go in,” she said as she drew near the wonderful House of Knowledge.

“It seems very interesting indeed.”

Truly it was—broad fields extended far and wide about it and within and without people, old and young, were making all kinds of things and studying all kinds of books.

“Very interesting indeed,” repeated the

princess. "But I can't stop, good people. I am going to Fairyland. I wonder,—Yes, I shouldn't wonder if it were not right on the other side of that hill."

The country was becoming more and more beautiful and the air was sweet and pure.

"Surely I must be coming nearer to the fairies," thought the princess and she began to sing:

*"Fairies, guide me as I go
Slow or fast, high or low,
Lend thy charm that I may tell
Which path leads to fairy dell."*

As she sang a little lark rose from the bushes and circled about her head, then with a merry trill flew before her.

"Precious bird," cried the princess, "I do believe the fairies have sent you." And all that day she followed the little lark, stopping where he rested and singing as



From Below Her Came a Lovely Little Voice, "It's True! The Marks of Fairy Kisses Are on Her Forehead."

he sang, until at evening they came to a smooth grassy knoll where the lark stopped and put his head under his wing.

“Thank you,” laughed the princess. “We are going to sleep, aren’t we? Good night, sweet bird.”

She drew her woolen cloak close about her and there on the top of the little hill slept the night hours away.

Next morning, through the violet and grey of the dawn, the happy princess dreamed of faint, sweet music. Stirring and turning, she threw out her arms to catch it. If she had been home she would perhaps have fallen out of bed.

As it was, she started to roll down the hill. Over and over, faster and faster she went, until at last at the foot of a young birch tree she stopped. Hardly awake, she sat up and rubbed her eyes, then leaned

forward in great joy, for she had reached Fairyland at last!

The music she thought she had dreamed of was real—from the fairy pipes of the morning revels and all about in that flowered glen danced the tiny folk of Fairyland themselves. In and out and all about beside the murmuring brook they glided and swayed, — delicate, graceful creatures of beauty and fragrance.

The happy princess looking at them held her breath. But at last she could keep still no longer.

“Oh, you darlings!” she cried.

At the sound of her voice, the fairies disappeared, each to his hiding place in flower or tree.

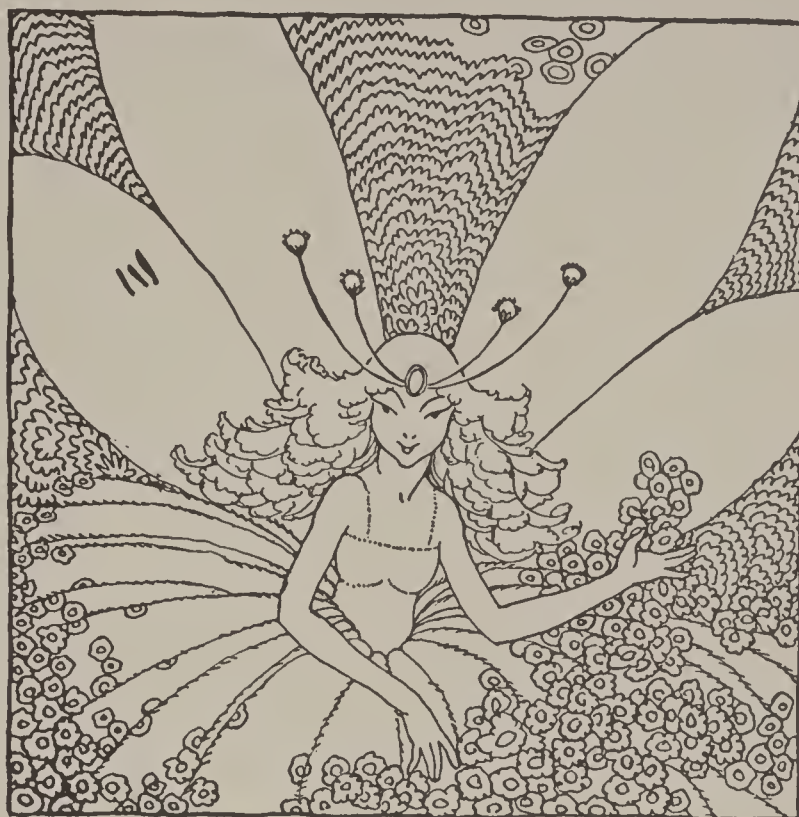
The little princess became pale with fright. “Ah, fairies! I pray you do not go. Stay only one moment, I beg of you!”

She held out her hands to the vanished fairies and suddenly there came into the silence the morning song of the little lark, clear and true. It was borne down to the fairy glen and what it said the happy princess could not tell, but as if answering it from below her came a lovely little voice.

“’Tis true,” said the voice. “The marks of fairy kisses are on her forehead; very faint they are, but still they are there.”

At the brave little fairy’s words, the rest of the band came back again, unafraid now and anxious to see this mortal child who bore on her brow the stamp of their magic charm.

With them all about her the happy princess told her story. When she repeated what the beloved prince had said, the fairies all sighed and their sighing was like the fluttering of leaves in the summer



breeze. But when she told what she had said to the beloved prince, the fairies all laughed aloud and their laughter was like the tinkle of little silver bells.

“And now,” said the happy princess as she ended, “please, may I take a fairy back with me? Just one little fairy, so that the beloved prince may see?”

The fairies drew aside and talked together. Then one, whom the princess knew to be the Queen, came back and spoke.

“O child of the happy heart,” said she, “our law does not permit the fairies to show themselves to mortal eyes. Our charms men may feel—our music they may hear, but ourselves they may not see.”

At that the poor princess put her head in her hands and burst out crying. Down her cheeks and through her fingers dropped great big tears and the sound of her weeping filled the fairies’ hearts with sorrow. They caught the tear drops in their hands and looked at them wondering what they could be, for fairies never cry.

And as they held the big tears in their hands the early morning sunbeams came up and cast a lovely rainbow into each one, making the fairies laugh again. And at that the queen fairy had an idea.

“Why, these sorrow drops are beauti-



ful,” said she. “Let us make them into a charm and give them to the princess to carry home. Perhaps when he sees them the beloved prince will believe and all will be well once more.”

The happy princess raised her head and when she saw the beautiful drops her smile came back and she clapped her hands.

“What a perfectly splendid plan,” she cried. “Do, dear fairies, please do.”

And because the fairies had held them in their hands, the princess' tears were no longer sad little drops of salty water, but crystal clear with the rainbow in the heart of each.

The fairies fluttered to and fro, making a box to hold them, of tender green moss lined with palest primrose petals.

“Take these,” they said to the little princess. “Within them we have placed our magic charm of health and happiness. Place them upon those who are sick and they shall be well and upon those who are sorrowful and they shall be full of joy.”

Then the fairies kissed her and smoothed her gown until she stood before them again a royal happy princess; but as she stretched out her hands to them, lo, they were gone!

“Good-bye, sweet fairies,” she called to

them as she climbed the hill, "I shall never, never forget you," and she held the precious green box close to her heart.

It seemed to the happy princess that the journey back to her home was twice as long, so eager was she to arrive, so anxious was she to show to the beloved prince her magic gift. But at last she reached the walls of her father's court. The soldiers standing guard at the gate saluted her gladly and blew the trumpets to let all the people know of her return.

"There shall be no more of this," thought the happy princess, "soon you will be laying aside those noisy trumpets to go to the House of Knowledge. There you shall learn instead how to build schools and make gardens."

So glad to be at home again was she that she did not notice how quiet and sad

the whole court seemed and in a moment the beloved prince came hurrying to meet her. He lifted her from her horse as he said,

“Oh, how glad I am that you are home again, you have been gone so long a time.”

The princess looked at him with sparkling eyes.

“Dear prince,” she said, “I have had the the most wonderful time. Wait until you hear,—and just wait until you see.” She held up the little green box.

The beloved prince looked at it with curiosity.

“But you must come directly to the palace, happy princess,” he said. “Your mother the Queen, is very ill.”

“Ill? My darling Queen Mother ill?” said the princess hurrying past him.



She gathered up her silken gown and ran quickly to the palace. Up the broad steps and through the hall she sped until she found her father. The King clasped her to his heart and his tears fell fast on her golden head. “Oh father, father, take me quickly to my mother.”

“Alas, my child, I fear your mother is very, very sick. They will not let even me approach her bedside.”

“But see!” said the princess, dragging him by one hand and holding up the fairy

gift with the other. "See, father, we must go to her. I have here in this box a magic gift of health and happiness from fairy-land. I was going to give it to the beloved prince to make him believe, but my mother shall have it all."

Together they went to Her Majesty's room. No one, not even the big, grave doctors, could refuse admittance to a happy princess with a fairy gift in her hand.

How white and thin the poor Queen looked! The little princess bent and kissed her.

"Dear Mother," she whispered, "see, now that I have come you will get better again."

She let the tear drops fall softly on the Queen's forehead and suddenly her mother opened her eyes. "My dear child," she said faintly and smiled at them.

“Darling Mother,” said the princess, “I have given you the fairies’ gift of health and happiness. Get well quickly and I will tell you about it.”

“Fairies?” said the Queen, and she smiled again.

“One more smile,” said the doctors, “and she will get well.” And this time the Queen smiled at them.

A week later when the Queen was well again the princess related to the whole court her adventures on her wonderful journey.

The beloved prince, when she had finished, looked at her and said,

“And now, happy princess, after all I have heard, I believe that the fairies do exist. They have cured the Queen Mother with their gift of health and happiness, and have sent you back to me safe and

The Built-Upon House

sound. Let us be married at once.”

“Yes, yes!” cried the happy princess, clapping her hands, “the House of Mirth was very nice, the House of Knowledge too. But the House of Love is truly delightful. I shall be the happiest, happiest princess that ever lived!”





*“I wandered the earth across and around
But no matter where I did roam,
I found nothing so sweet as the candle light
And the fire on my hearth at home.”*

The Best Thing in the World

Once upon a time there was a little man who had a little house on the top of a hill. And at the bottom of the hill there was another man who had another little house. Both little houses were as cozy as could be and both little men were as jolly as could be. Every morning the little man at the top of the hill went down for water and every morning the little man at the bottom of the hill climbed up for wood.

“Good morning,” the first little man would say and “Good morning to you,” the other little man would reply.

After they had done this for a year or more a fine thought came to the little man who lived up at the top. “I’m a bit lonely in my house up there,” said he. “Why wouldn’t it be a good idea for you to come to my house and live with me?”

The Best Thing in the World



"I'm a Bit Lonely in My House Up There," He Said

"Well—thank you," said his friend. "Tis true I am lonely at times but I'm afraid I'd find it a little too breezy up there. Why not come to the valley and live with me?"

"I'm sure the lowlands wouldn't agree with me," said the first little man. "But I tell you what we could do." He leaned over and whispered something in the other's ear.

Not even the birds in the bushes heard

The Built-Upon House

what he said but in a few weeks the secret was out. There, right on the side of the hill, mid-way between the top and the bottom, stood a brand-new little house that the two of them had built and in it the two of them were living.

All went well for a while but after a time both little men began to long for the charms of their former homes.

“It’s the view that I miss,” said he who had dwelt at the top of the hill. “The view, and the clean sweep of the wind through the pine trees.”

“It’s the breadth and friendliness of the valley that I miss,” said the other. “And the smell of the new-mown hay. Let us leave this house to chance and rest and go to the homes that suit us best.”

“Perhaps that would be a good idea,” said his companion, and he went hopping

up the hill as fast as the other little man went skipping down. My! How glad each one was to get back to his own little place.

“No half-way houses for me,” declared the little man at the bottom of the hill.

“No half-way houses for me,” declared the little man at the top of the hill.

But they were just as good friends as ever, yes indeed. And every day as before, when one climbed up for wood and the other climbed down for water they stopped at the little half-way house to chat.

And one day, while they were standing there, something happened. They heard a click, click, click, and a swish, swish, swish, and all at once the door flew open and there stood a little woman—the merriest little roly-poly woman they ever had seen. She wore a yellow-checked apron

and a gold shawl and she curtsied to them as politely as could be.

“Your health, gentlemen!”

“And yours, madam!” said both little men bowing low.

Of course they were very much surprised but they were perfectly delighted to think there was a nice little woman living in their half-way house.

Now every morning, when they stopped to talk there would be a click, click, click, and a swish, swish, swish, and out would come the little woman in her yellow-checked apron and her gold shawl. And always she was so sweet and kind that both little men began to wonder how they ever got along without her and each one wanted her to come and live with him in his own little house.

“Come with me and live at the top of

the hill," begged the one. "You've no idea how fine it is there, you've no idea!"

"Come with me to the valley," begged the other. "You could never dream how lovely it is there, you could never dream!"

The little woman's eyes twinkled. "I will come and live with the one who brings me—the best thing in the world," said she.

"The best thing in the world!" The two little men looked at each other in astonishment. "Why, what is the best thing in the world?"

"Go and find out," laughed the little woman flourishing her broom. "I'll stay right here until you come back."

What an adventure! The two little men had never been away from the hill. What fun to hop off and find the best thing in the world!

“Good-bye,” they called to her as they hurried away.

“Good-bye,” called the little woman waving her yellow-checked apron.

It was months before they came back. The summer had come and gone and the autumn days were azure and crisp and cool. The graceful ash trees, hung with scarlet earrings, called cheerily from the side of the hill; the mischievous maples sent yellow leaves swirling all about the half-way house. The squirrels and chipmunks scampered about gathering nuts for the coming winter.

And then one day, the little men appeared. How glad they were to be back on the old hill again. They ran as fast as they could to the house in the middle of it to see if the little woman was still there.

With a click, click, click and a swish,



"Good Day, Madam," Said They, Bowing Low

The Built-Upon House

swish, swish, the door flew open and there she was!

“Good day gentlemen,” said she, with a curtsy.

“Good day madam,” said they, bowing low.

“And have you found it—the best thing in the world?”

“I have, I’m sure I have,” said he who lived at the foot of the hill, and,

“I think I have,” said he who lived at the top.

“Both of you? How nice,” exclaimed the little woman.

“Come with me, I’ll show you,” said the first little man and he led her down to his own little house. There before the door stood a gay little carriage made for two and, harnessed to it in scarlet and silver, a pair of fine white high-stepping horses.



Look,—Look! Money! Money! Bags Full!

“Beautiful,” said the little woman.

“Come inside,” chirped the little man.
“Look, look! money! money! bags full! a house full! We can go anywhere, have anything, don’t even have to work if we don’t want to! Isn’t that the best thing in the world?”

“Very fine, very fine indeed,” said the little woman. Then she looked at the other little man.



“And what have you to say, kind sir?”

“Well,” said he, “what I have doesn’t look anything like this but it still seems to me the best thing in the world. Come and see.”

Together they climbed the hill again. There before the little house lay a bunch of bayberries and a great big log.

“Bayberries for candles and hickory for the fire,” said the little man.

“Candles? fire?” repeated the little woman.

*“I wandered the earth across and around
But no matter where I did roam,
I found nothing so sweet as the candle light
And the fire on my hearth at home.”*

“And is that all?” asked the little woman.

The little man took her hand and placed her beside the berries and the log.



The Other Little Man Was Left to His Money Bag

The Built-Upon House

“Those two and some one you love,” said he.

The little woman smiled. “You have won,” she said.

*“A little house at the top of the hill
Where one may work or rest at will,
A fire on the hearth and the blue sky above,
A contented mind and a little love.”*

“These are the best things in the world.”

And, leaving the other little man to his shining carriage and his money bags, she took his arm and walked into the house with him and there they lived, happy ever afterward.

Flops and the Fairy Cat

They named her Florence when she was a baby. And then because she was such a little thing with soft straying curls about her face, they called her "Floss." But when she began to run around by herself she tumbled and fell so many times a day that her brothers and sisters at last laughed and called her "Flops."

Flops was a dear little girl; she didn't mean to fall about so but every day she came in with a scratched face or a bruised knee.

"My poor darling, do try to be more careful," her mother said gently but her father said rather crossly, "I do wish that child would look where she's going."

Now it happened that one day Flops wished to go out into the garden to gather

The Built-Upon House



Her Big Cat That Was Sunning Herself

some flowers. Running out across the porch she jumped down the steps in a great hurry and fell almost on top of her big cat that was sunning herself in the grass.

“O my dear kitty, did I hurt you?” cried the tender-hearted little girl.

“Hurt me? No. But why don’t you look where you’re going?” said the cat in a perfectly grown-up voice.



"Why Don't You Put Thinkers on Your Feet?" Asked the Cat

“Why you talked!” whispered Flops, sitting up in surprise.

“Of course I talked. It’s enough to make anybody talk the way you fall around,” said the cat.

“I know,” said the little girl sadly, “but I just can’t seem to help it.”

“Why don’t you put thinkers on your feet?” asked the cat.

“Thinkers! Do you mean sinkers?” said Flops.

“I said Thinkers,” repeated the cat. “Use your head, you know, to manage your feet. Did you ever see ME hurt myself when I jumped? I guess not! I just put my mind on where I’m going, then I put my eyes on where I’m going, then I go! See that hole Tommy made yesterday? Well, watch me!”

Kitty crouched carefully, fixed her shining green eyes upon the spot where

Florence's brother had been digging, then leaped lightly and perfectly into the middle of the hole.

"Oh I see," cried Flops. "I believe that is a good way. Thank you, Kitty dear. You're the most wonderful cat I ever saw. Isn't it the strangest thing how you can talk!"

"ME—OW!" said the cat.

"O poor kitty, can't you talk any more?" said the little girl, stroking the cat gently. "Poor darling! Never mind, maybe sometime you'll grow up to be a little girl like me."

"ME—EW!" said kitty.



How Richard Named His Dog

Little Richard's new baby brother and his new puppy made him so happy. "My," he said, "I don't know which I like better!"

"The idea," laughed his mother, "of course you love your baby brother better."

"Of course I do," said Richard, "but the puppy is so cunning and he can walk already. What are we going to name them, Mother?"

"It will be easy to name the baby," answered his mother. "I shall call him John, Jr., after his father. But what would you like to name your dog?"

Richard thought of a great many names—Don and Peter, Rover and Gyp, and oh! a great many more but none seemed just to fit the jolly bunch of fur and fun that frolicked and tumbled about.

“You dear little doggie,” was all Richard could say, and that was all the name the puppy had for some time.

“Now, Richard,” said Mother one day, “I have baby brother to watch and tend. You must take care of your little dog and see that he doesn’t get into mischief. You wouldn’t like it if grandmother or any one of the older people should think he were a nuisance and wish him to go.”

Richard thought that would not be pleasant. He fed the puppy and took him out for play and tried in every way to make him an obedient and well-trained dog. But the time soon came when Richard had to go to school, so one morning the little boy carried the puppy to a cushion in front of the fireplace in the living-room.

“Now, puppy,” he said, “you stay here



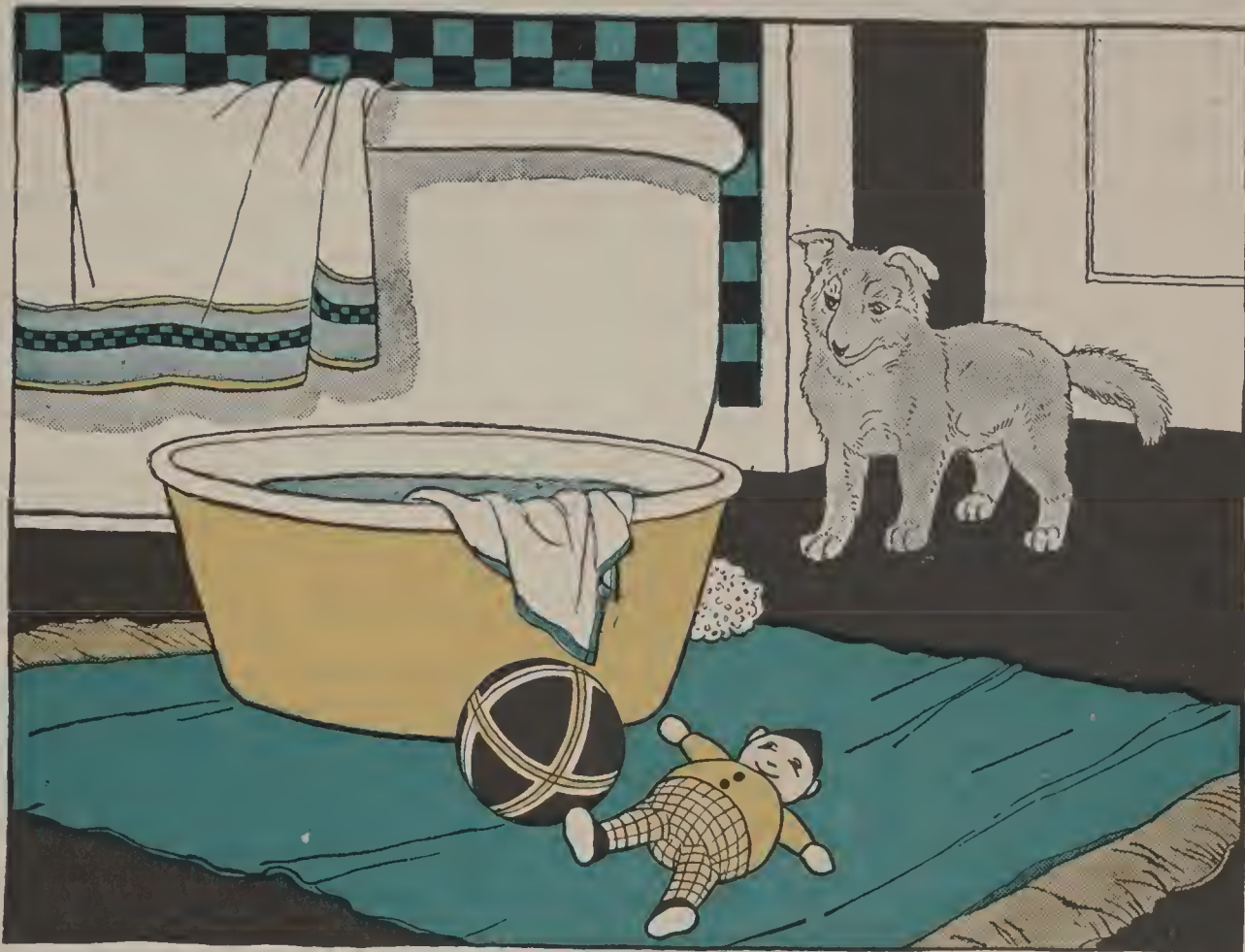
"You Stay Here until I Come Home from School," He Said

and be good until I come home from school."

Of course the puppy didn't want to be quiet for so long. Very soon he began to move about. He wiggled and rolled and sniffed and sneezed all about the room and out into the hall, until he found himself looking right up the stairway.

Puppy had never tried going upstairs, but this morning, with no Richard to

How Richard Named His Dog



Into the Room Went That Jolly Puppy

hinder, he thought he would like to try. It seemed as though his fat little legs just couldn't do it, but finally after tumbling down a dozen times he reached the top of the stairs.

The door to a room nearby stood ajar and into the room went that jolly puppy. It happened to be the bathroom and on the

floor all ready for baby brother stood a little bathtub filled with warm water.

Puppy went over to the tub. He put both paws on the edge and his big head right over, ready to see all there was to see. Splash! In he went, head, feet and all.

Oh! how he did splash and cry! Richard's mother came running to see what had happened. She laughed and laughed.

"You little mischief! You have spoiled baby's bath," she said, but she pulled him out quite gently and patted him dry with a big turkish towel.

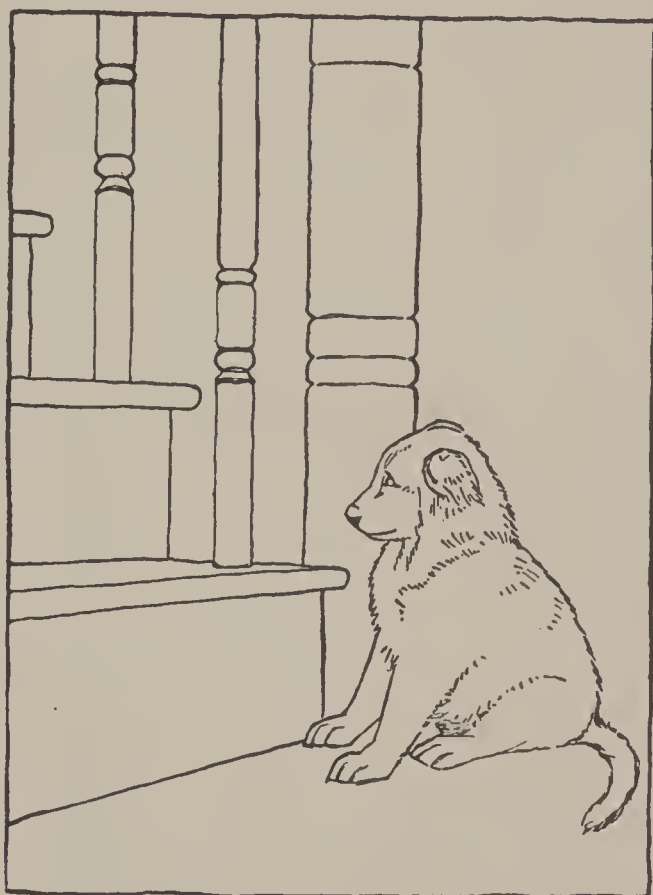
Puppy was quite contented then to go back to the cushion by the fire. He was very quiet and frightened all day and Richard was very much ashamed to think his pet had been so troublesome.

"Perhaps it will teach him a lesson, though," said the little boy. "It's his first

How Richard Named His Dog

real adventure and he ought to remember it. O Mother, I have just thought of something—let's call him Tubby."

And Tubby he is to this day.



The Little Lost Angel

Once upon a time on that very first Christmas long long ago, when the Christmas angels came out of Heaven to sing their wonderful songs, there was a little angel who came with them. She tried to sing what they were all singing. But she was such a little angel she couldn't sing very loud. To tell the truth, she didn't quite know what the words were that the other angels were saying.

“Glory to God in the Highest and on earth peace, good-will to men.” Yes, the little angel thought she could understand that but what was it the beautiful big angel was singing all alone?

“Unto you is born a Saviour—Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.”

What were swaddling clothes? thought the little angel—and what was a manger?

She floated down to a small grassy knoll to ponder and found there all huddled together, the sheep that the wondering shepherds had forgotten.

“Why, you lovely things,” cried she, “You are precious earth angels.” And she snuggled in among them and lay down to see what would happen. But because the lambs were so warm and cozy and because she was so tired flying about and trying to keep up with the rest of the host, the little angel fell asleep.

When she awoke everything was still. The angels had gone away into Heaven and the shepherds had hurried off to find the Babe that the angels had sung about.

“I am lost,” said the little angel, “I had better try and find my way back home. It

certainly is queer and dark and I think I'm a little chilly. I'm glad that big star is there."

By the light of the star she glided across the soft grass and out upon the roadway.

"I think this is the way to go," said the little angel bravely. "Perhaps I had better fly along and catch up with the others."

But it was not the multitude of the heavenly host that she came up to as she hurried along—only a man walking slowly along by himself—a man with his head hung upon his breast, a man who didn't even see that lovely star in the sky above him.

The lost angel looked at him wonderingly.

"Why don't you sing?" she asked.

"Sing? What is there to sing about? Why should I sing?" growled the man.



"Here, You take It," Said the Angel, Thrusting the Harp into His Hands

“It makes you happy to sing,” laughed the angel.

She ran her fingers across the harp she was carrying and sang softly a little song. “There! isn’t that pretty?”

“Very, very pretty,” said the man with a catch in his voice.

“Here, you take it, you need it so badly,” and quickly thrusting the harp into his hands the angel glided on ahead of him down the dusty road.

“I think—I think this is the way to go,” she said again to herself. “Yes, I believe that is one of the big angels there ahead of me.”

But again it was not one of the angels. This time it was a woman. Her clothing was rich and gay but her face was hard and sullen. She replied crossly to the little angel when she spoke to her.

“Go away,” said she. “What have I to do with you? I’m no fit person for a child to be seen with.”

“I’m sure you’re very nice indeed,” whispered the little angel slipping her soft hand into the woman’s. “It’s only that you’ve forgotten.”

“Forgotten? Forgotten what?”

“That you’re a queen, you know. Every woman is a queen, only sometimes it’s hard to remember—especially if you’ve lost your crown. And so,” she added putting something into the woman’s hand—“you may have mine. And could you tell me please if you saw which way the angels went.”

“The angels!” cried the woman.

“You probably heard the flutter of their wings,” sighed the poor lost angel. “They must have flown very fast; I had better hurry.”

Half-flying, half-walking so that she could look about her, she went on her way a little more quickly now that she had no harp to carry in her hand and no crown upon her head. So fast did she go that she almost stumbled over a small figure that was sitting by the roadside,—a little boy alone and weary and crying as tho' his heart would break.

“Why—, why,—are you in some trouble, little child?” asked the angel stopping once more. “What is that strange sound you are making?”

“I'm crying,” said the boy. “I'm sorry anyone heard. I just couldn't help it, you know. A great King, they say, is to be found in the town beyond here and I wanted so much to see Him but the others have gone and left me behind. I'm lame, you see, and I can't travel fast and I'm

afraid by the time I get there the King will be gone.”

“A King!” exclaimed the angel, “I thought it was a baby.”

“It’s a King,” persisted the boy and he began to cry again. “Oh! what shall I do! I shall never get to Bethlehem to-night.”

“Take my wings,” said the angel. “I think I’ll be able to get along without them. I’m not lame and you are, so you see it is you who should have the wings.”

She fastened them to the boy’s shoulders—soft white fluttery things that caught the low night breezes and bore the boy forward in a gentle rapturous motion.

“Thank you, oh, thank you,” he called back but the tiny angel hardly heard him. She was busy learning to walk without her wings. She hadn’t dreamed it would be so difficult. She kept falling to the ground

and her tender feet were cut and bruised by the rough stones in the road.

“But the star is still there,” she thought bravely, “Oh see! there is a light at last.”

Stumbling toward it she came near enough to see what it was. It was not a light from Heaven as she had thought but a candle shining thru the window of a humble home.

“I feel very strange,” said the angel to herself.

So she knocked and stood at the door waiting—a little thing with pleading eyes and tangled golden hair.

A woman opened the door. When she saw the angel she uttered a loud exclamation.

“O Peter, come!” said she, “It’s a little child—just like an answer to our prayer. I knew something wonderful would hap-



She Fastened Them to the Boy's Shoulders

pen when I saw that star! It has brought us a child.”

“Yes,” said the angel, “I came with the star.”

The woman drew her into the house and shut the door. She bathed the soiled and bleeding feet and combed the tangled hair. Then she took the tiny angel into her arms and sang to her and the angel closed her eyes and thought she was in Heaven again.

She stayed with the man Peter and his wife for many years. She helped the woman in the house and the man with his sheep in the field and almost forgot that she had ever been an angel. Only sometimes she would stop in the midst of her work with a dreamy look on her face.

“What art thou thinking about, my sweet?” the woman would say.

“I thought—I thought I heard something.”

“Foolish one,” the man would say and he would stroke her hair gently.

She missed them when they grew old and went away but she stayed alone in the little house and passers-by travelling from other lands always found there a welcome and a meal. They told her from time to time of those high and great whom they had seen or heard about; a poet who sang straight into the hearts of men; a woman who spent her life helping the poor and needy; a leader of the people, lame, it is true, but young and inspired. And the angel herself, now growing old, heard them gently with a smile. She never knew that the poet was the man to whom she had given her harp—that the great-

The Built-Upon House

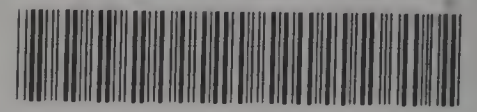
hearted woman was the one to whom she had given her crown—and that the beloved leader was the boy who had taken her wings.







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